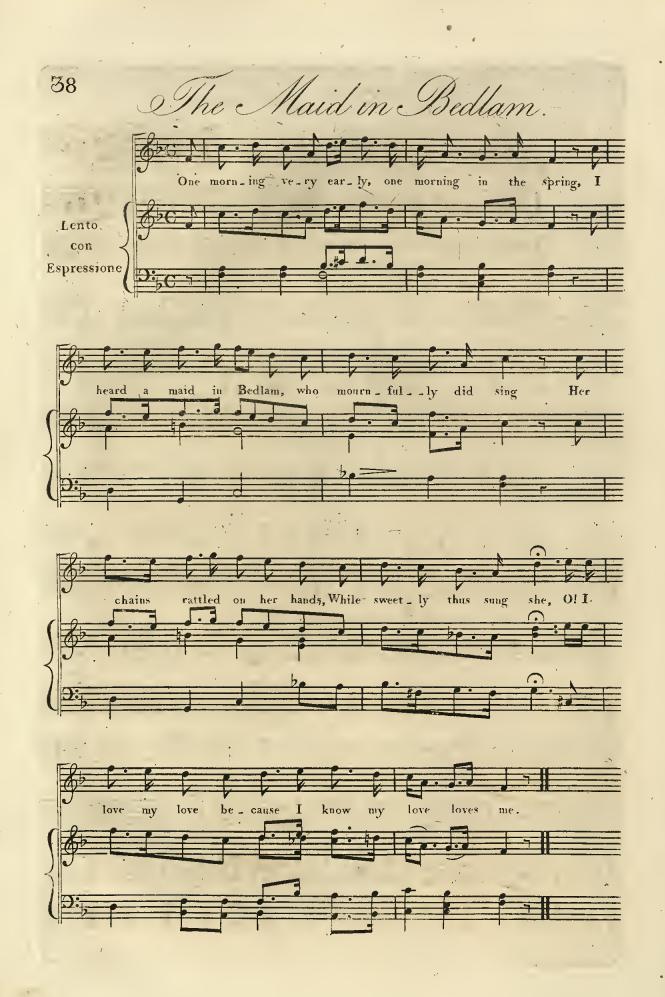


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## THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

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ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she:
O! I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! eruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
And eruel was the ship that bore him away from me:
But still I love his parents, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! should the pitying pow'rs but eall me to the sky, Then I'd erave an angel's charge, around my Love to fly; To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be! For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine; With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine; And present it to my Love, when he returns from sea; For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh! were I a little bird, to build upon his breast!
Or, were I a nightingale, to sing my Love to rest!
To gaze on his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle to soar into the sky!

I would gaze with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy;

But ah! unhappy maiden! that Love you ne'er shall see;

Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.